



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 13. No. 11. 1st January, 1941.



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney



Vol. 13. No. 11

1st January, 1941

Chairman:
W. W. HILL

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S. E. CHATTERTON

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H. C. BARTLEY
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DAVID A. CRAIG
JOHN HICKEY
A. J. MATTHEWS
JOHN H. O'DEA
JOHN A. ROLES
F. G. UNDERWOOD

Secretary:
T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 17th May, 1941.

The Club Man's Diary

TATTERSALL'S CLUB'S grand gesture, a decision to donate to the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund the net profit of Carrington Stakes day, the first day of the club's annual meeting at Randwick on December 28 and January 1, was splendidly supported by the public.

As a result, the Fund will benefit in the sum of £5,216/11/2.

This is an achievement on which the club may reasonably congratulate itself, but generously acknowledged is the co-operation of the great sporting public and of those who assisted with donations.

Always the club's policy has been formulated along lines of public service, especially in the call of patriotism. That is club tradition. The future will see it maintained as stoutly as in the past.

* * *

The A.J.C. supported the club's effort liberally by handing over a cheque for £500 and allowing the free use of the course, which was put down at £500, making £1,000 in all. The Liquor Trade of N.S.W. gave £500, the Retail Traders' Association £450, N.S.W. Bookstall Co. Ltd., £36/15/-, Ross Bros. Pty. Ltd., £26/5/-, and bookmaking members of the club £337/6/-.

Prize money for the Carrington Stakes (£1,000) was subscribed by the "Sydney Morning Herald," "The Sun" and the "Daily Telegraph."

All donations to prize money were acknowledged in the official race book.

* * *

So sultry was the Saturday that even the feather in Percy Stewart Dawson's hat wilted. Collectively there was a sagging at the knees and a bending of elbows. Fat men sweltered in suits from the wardrobe of midwinter.

This indifference to seasonal impact may not have concern for Cassius-like beings such as John Hickey and me. The truly Falstaffian of our acquaintance probably suffered torture akin to the ancient Persian ritual of being boiled in oil.

There they were, lobster-red and panting pitably. By such sacrifice were the gods of convention appeased.

As for the goddesses: cool and composed they recalled the lines of the club's poet laureate:

Perhaps the club's poet laureate of the time may indite a tribute:

*All ye who pass this crowded way
Pause to recall another day
When those with names carved in
this panel
Came forth in ducks, in silk and
flannel.
Led by the pioneer, John Roles,
They dared (and bared) for timid
souls.*

* * *



Feminist—Winner of Tattersall's Club Cup, 1941.

The chairman showed me a letter he had received from our old friend Reg. L. ("Snowy") Baker, and addressed from the Riviera Club, California. Snowy wrote: "Best possible Christmas and New Year to all." He plays polo a good deal nowadays, and he appeared in the role of referee in a motion picture (shown recently) in which a polo match provided a stirring feature.

* * *

Mr. Pat Kearns regaled us at luncheon with a story about Mr. Bill Wood's property at Bowral. This happened to have been named "Ulster Park." One early morning Bill strolled down the dewy driveway to discover the entrance gates had been painted green!

* * *

Ted Gillin told this one between races: An English prisoner of war, wishing to convey to his home folk the rigors of captivity, got this past the German censor:—"Everything here is wonderful. You can tell that to the Navy. You can tell that to the Army. And you can tell that to the Marines."

* * *

In torrid North Queensland the honours are done pretty heavily, as Mr. Billy Hilderbrandt will testify from an observer's seat.

*Let old Dame Rumour cast a frown,
The modern miss with fashion
dickers;*

*Blow cold, blow hot, it matters not
If underneath she wear silk
knickers.*

* * *

Some day—but possibly not in our time—Randwick may set up a statue to its dress reformers among males. I should say that among names carved in the stone will be those of John A. Roles, Frank Carberry, W. H. Mackay, Harald Baker, Sam Gilder.

After one of those meetings a member of the local club was seen by a stranger to the town to collapse by the wayside. Alarmed, the stranger hailed a local boy and exclaimed: "Quickly, a doctor; this man's apparently dead."

The kid cast a glance at the prone figure and volunteered: "He ain't dead."

"Then," the stranger suggested, "he may be drunk."

The boy came back: "He ain't drunk. I seen him move."

* * *

A happy meeting after many moons with Mr. Syd. Bennett, secretary of the Retail Traders' Association, turned my thoughts back to R.T.A. outings at Cronulla when, as Sir Sydney Snow once put it, "All the golfers went surfing and all the surfers went golfing."

I cannot report with any inner knowledge on Mr. Bennett's golf to-day, but I recall that his motto used to be: "What you miss in the swings you pick up on the round(er)s."

Syd is a forthright fellow with a strong streak of genuine friendship, and, in the official role, one of the most efficient organisers I have ever met.

* * *

Mr. R. B. Hogue has been going to Randwick for half a century. He gave me his opinion of Yaralla: "The colt of the season. He may turn out to be a great champion if not rushed along. I would say that Yaralla will be given every chance to develop. The great Wakeful was not raced until she was a four-year-old."

* * *

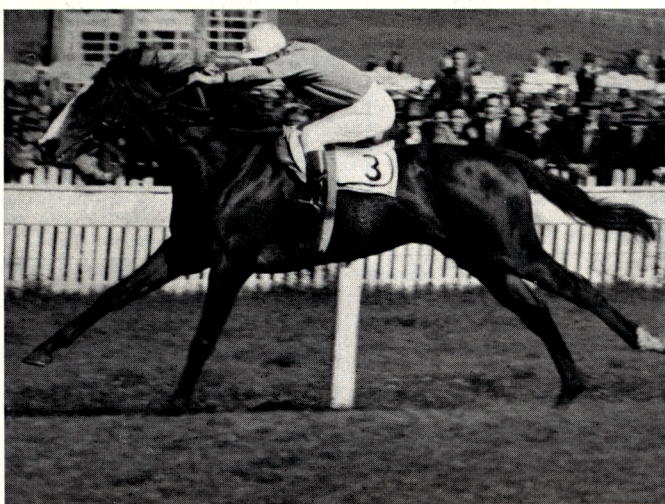
Accompanying the Lord Mayor (Ald. Crick) was the Town Clerk (Mr. Roy Hendy). When I met him first in years gone by, he was in a modest niche in the Town Hall. To-day Roy Hendy occupies the Big

Room of the civic service. He remains the same friendly soul. He has proved—as W. G. Layton proved before him—that native Australians are well equipped for the higher executive posts in their own country.

* * *

Surely one of the most serene men on a racecourse is Mr. W. C. Douglass. Usually he steals away to a quiet vantage point in the official stand, adjusts his binoculars, follows the race in graveyard silence, replaces his binoculars. Not a batted eyelid betrays how he has fared. What a lot such men have on us emotionally surcharged beings!

* * *



Caesar—Winner of the Carrington Stakes, 1940.

You get your types on a racecourse more faithfully than anywhere else, with the possible exception of a hotel bar.

There's the type that sees all, hears all, without apparently feeling all, or with an ability to screw down sensations.

There's the type, like the late Ned Moss, Sphinxlike, but churning up inside—or such I suspected of Ned since I had sat near him when Vaals won the Epsom.

There's the tempestuous type that rides the favourite from the top of the straight. And the carefree type, like John Ruthven, that accepts losses and wins with equal detachment.

There's the sour type that is congenitally defeatist; that carries a scowl from first race to last.

Then, the faint-hearted type that won't venture until drugged by the assurances of friends.

Bad type is the fellow who casts aspersions when his bets don't roll home.

Those types are not confined to any particular section of Randwick, surprising though it may read.

* * *

What about this for a Band of Hope: John Mayo and Llewellyn Brown studying their race books together.

* * *

On a famous occasion the late Francis Foy said, apropos naming a horse: "Call it something Irish." Usually Mr. Brown calls it something Scotch.

* * *

I told Mr. G. W. R. McDonald that I admired the rare humour of several of his articles to the newspapers, and suggested that he turn it on more frequently, and over a wider range of subjects. Mr. McDonald went off to back Happy Bay, after weighing its chances with those of Waireka.

Better had he gone to Neutral Bay.

* * *

"When Caesar says, 'Do this,' it is perform'd."—Anthony, Act I, Scene II., Julius Caesar.

So it happened in the Carrington Stakes, with Mr. Alastair and Miss Philippa Stephen's b.g., by Silvius (imp.)—Wingecarribee.

We remember that the ghost of Caesar addressed Brutus at Sardis: "... thou shalt see me at Philippi."

Had we remembered our Shakespeare some of us might have taken the tip from Philippi and Philippa. That apart, the victory of Caesar represented a first-class performance, and justified the faith of his original owner, the late Sir Colin Stephen.

(Continued on Page 5.)

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The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Miss Philippa Stephen and Mr. Alastair Stephen donated £50 from the prize money to the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund.

* * *

Monday's rain tapered off into a drizzle and fizzled out by the afternoon; but so much of it that really was rain happened to fall at the wrong time—that hour when the section which takes sunshine in large doses with its outdoor sport decides whether or not to venture forth.

This is not an inconsiderable section, as all drizzle-affected open gatherings disclose. Sydneysiders seem to fear the rain more than do the people of any other capital. Perhaps their surfeit of sunshine accounts for such self-coddling. In Melbourne you see even women with hats to spoil daring the rain umbrella-less. Probably the contempt bred by familiarity.

For all that, and taking into consideration the international situation, plus the shock of the Budget, and sundry upsets, the attendance on both days may be reviewed with satisfaction.

There was no doubt about the quality of the racing—finishes with a line of horses abreast almost from the top of the straight.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Feminist has been postponed indefinitely. (Melbourne papers please copy.)

* * *

Do you know that, although not officially charted by Mr. Mares, there's such a thing as a "Randwick wind," just like a Darling dust-storm or a Melbourne sleet?

The girl in the cigarette booth told me.

"Oh, yes," she volunteered, "it's been blowing off and on for years. Strange that you haven't heard about it."

I gathered that Randwick's geographical position made it subject to a special wind occasionally.

"Whence does it blow?" I inquired.

She wasn't sure. All she knew was that it was the Randwick wind.

All the years I have been going to Randwick I have never been able to get the wind behind me.

* * *

Mr. Randal Berry told us ways of picking winners, including that of a member of the fair sex who wanted to make a bet on Bradman.

"Madam," exclaimed the book-maker, "Bradman is a cricketer, not a racehorse."

"Oh," she giggled, "I just must have put my pin in the wrong part of the sporting page."

Among Mr. Berry's audience happened to be Mr. Tom Gurr, Editor of the "Sunday Sun." Although Mr. Gurr had the numerous sporting staff of Associated Newspapers at his disposal for consultation, just previously he had backed his own fancy—and won!

* * *

He said: "I've travelled on the ferries

When they have tossed between the Heads;

I've journeyed on the trams to Coogee—

I've even slept in country beds."

The other said: "You ain't been nowhere.

The Coogee trams, the leapin' ferries

Fade out as trifles, meanin' nuthin' To be compared with ridin' Skerries."

* * *

There's a string to that jingle. Skerries is a high-tempered colt of quality, but far from outlawish. When he tossed a crack jockey twice within a few minutes, a friend of mine observed: "I'd rather do my riding in the Coogee trams, rough as they are." Hence the jingle, which I there and then jotted down in his race book.

Apropos that jingle—let's keep our sense of humour. Let's have our laughs. Don't be dull or defeatist. The times demand of us all something better and brighter than the solemn manner, the touchy temperament, the maladjusted mentality. Wake up . . . Cheer up !!!

* * *

Looking about me on both days, and recalling recent meetings in the metropolitan area, I was struck by the number of hale and hearty veterans, their energy tremendous, their enthusiasm undiminished.

Normally, these would have been classed by time among the company of yesterday, but they belied Time, not merely by their presence—by their sparkle.

Some of us asked ourselves: What's the old school got that we haven't? By all the rules of the game they should be physically incapable of making the Randwick grade, or, with interest blunted, content to stay at home and listen in.

It isn't so, because, apparently, racing infects all who genuinely love the sport with an elixir that is proof against the short-circuiting tricks of Time. These veterans, as a consequence, are to-day as young in spirit as their juniors—and that's the secret.

* * *

Not forgetting Mr. Jack Ross, of the committee of Tattersall's Club, Brisbane, who has not in years missed a Sydney Autumn meeting and Spring meeting, I recall having seen at meetings in recent times:—Messrs. Reggie Allen, Teddy Knight, Jim Clark (for many years chairman of City Tattersall's Club), Bill Aldritt, J. R. Hardie, Dick Wootton, John Logan, Herbert Allen, Bill Kelso, Frank McGrath, Augustus McEvilly, Theo Marks and Fred Smith.

There are others whose names escape me at the moment, and to whom, with the foregoing, my congratulations are accompanied with the wish that Randwick will retain the lustre of their presence for meetings in many.

(Continued on Page 7.)

RACING FIXTURES

1941

JANUARY

Tattersall's **Wednesday, 1st**
 Moorefield Saturday, 4th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 8th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 11th
 Ascot Wednesday, 15th
 Rosehill Saturday, 18th
 Kensington Wednesday, 22nd
 A.J.C. Saturday, 25th
 A.J.C. Monday, 27th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 29th

FEBRUARY

Canterbury Park Saturday, 1st
 Rosebery Wednesday, 5th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 8th
 Ascot Wednesday, 12th
 Kensington Saturday, 15th
 Kensington Wednesday, 19th
 Moorefield Saturday, 22nd
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 26th

MARCH

Canterbury Park Saturday, 1st
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 5th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 8th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 12th
 Moorefield Saturday, 15th
 Ascot Wednesday, 19th
 Rosehill Saturday, 22nd
 Kensington Wednesday, 26th
 Rosehill Saturday, 29th

APRIL

Victoria Park Wednesday, 2nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 5th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 9th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 12th
 A.J.C. Monday, 14th
 A.J.C. Wednesday, 16th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 19th
 Ascot Wednesday, 23rd
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 26th
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 30th

MAY

City Tattersall's Saturday, 3rd
 Kensington Wednesday, 7th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 10th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 14th
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 17th**
 Rosehill Wednesday, 21st
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 24th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 28th
 Moorefield Saturday, 31st

JUNE

Ascot Wednesday, 4th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 7th
 Kensington Wednesday, 11th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 14th
 A.J.C. Monday, 16th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 18th
 Rosehill Saturday, 21st
 Rosebery Wednesday, 25th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 28th

JULY

Ascot Wednesday, 2nd
 Victoria Park Saturday, 5th
 Kensington Wednesday, 9th
 Moorefield Saturday, 12th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 16th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 19th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 23rd
 Ascot Saturday, 26th
 Ascot Wednesday, 30th

AUGUST

Moorefield Saturday, 2nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Mon., 4th
 Kensington Wednesday, 6th
 Rosehill Saturday, 9th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 13th
 Rosebery Saturday, 16th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 20th
 Moorefield Saturday, 23rd
 Ascot Wednesday, 27th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 30th

SEPTEMBER

Kensington Wednesday, 3rd
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 6th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 10th
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 13th**
 Rosebery Wednesday, 17th
 Rosehill Saturday, 20th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 24th
 Hawkesbury Saturday, 27th

OCTOBER

Ascot Wednesday, 1st
 A.J.C. Saturday, 4th
 A.J.C. Monday, 6th
 A.J.C. Wednesday, 8th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 11th
 Kensington Wednesday, 15th
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 18th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 22nd
 Rosehill Saturday, 25th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 29th

NOVEMBER

Canterbury Park Saturday, 1st
 Ascot Wednesday, 5th
 Moorefield Saturday, 8th
 Kensington Wednesday, 12th
 Rosehill Saturday, 15th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 19th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 22nd
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 26th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 29th

DECEMBER

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 3rd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 6th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 10th
 Rosehill Saturday, 13th
 Ascot Wednesday, 17th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 20th
 Kensington Wednesday, 24th
 A.J.C. Friday, 26th
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 27th**
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 31st

The Club Man's Diary

Continued from Page 5.)

JANUARY BIRTHDAYS:—1st, P. Kearns; 8th, F. G. Spurway, 10th, J. A. Chew; 11th, T. L. F. Rutledge; 14th, E. D. Clark; 16th, A. C. W. Hill; 17th, G. V. Dunwoodie; 20th, W. T. Ridge; 21st, C. F. Viner-Hall; 23rd, A. K. Quist; 26th, A. C. Ing-ham; 27th, N. Stirling; 29th, E. J. Hazell; 30th, R. H. Alderson.

* * *

Congratulations to the Lord Mayor (Ald. Crick) on his re-election as first citizen for a second term by the unanimous approval of his colleagues.

* * *

Fellow club members congratulate Mr. W. C. Wurth on his having been made a C.M.G. in the New Year's honours. Mr. Wurth is a member of the Public Service Board.

* * *

Death carried off three of our members during December: Messrs. H. G. Hughes, Cecil Oatley and C. A. Russell. Mr. Hughes was managing director of Richard Hughes Pty. Ltd. and President of the Employers' Federation. He had been a member of Tattersall's Club for 21 years. Mr. Cecil Oatley was a member of the family which owned Warwick Farm racecourse, originally portion of the Oatley Estate. Mr. C. A. Russell was a prominent trainer. Mohican was probably the best of the many horses he handled with outstanding success.

RURAL MEMBERS

Mr. John Fagan, of Mulyan Station.

John Fagan, of Cowra, comes from a long line of pioneers in Australia's pastoral industry.

Mulyan Station and Breakfast Creek stand as monuments to thoroughness in bygone years. It always has been that way in the Fagan family.

"If a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well" is an old adage that has been handed down from generation to generation as a family motto.

The properties mentioned are famed for the production of high quality medium wools which have been, and are still, eagerly sought by buyers at home and abroad.

Not all of John's time, however, is spent among the jumbuks; he has a keen eye for a horse, and as a virile member of Young and Cowra Jockey Clubs, does more than his share in providing prads of sufficient quality to keep the family colours in winning vein, besides offering encouragement to others to follow in his footsteps.

Another sphere in which John excels is in the motor world where, as a driver of high-speed cars especially, he is ranked with the best and is well known throughout the three eastern States in particular.

Of jovial disposition, "J.F." is immediately popular in any company, as might be imagined from the brief outline of his good qualities mentioned above.

* * *

Mr. James S. Taylor, of Junee.

It falls to the lot of very few men to enjoy the respect of so many people as does James S. Taylor, grazier, merchant and sportsman, of Junee.

"J.S.T." is always doing something big, and rarely, if ever, fails in his objective.

Just what the second initial in his name stands for the writer knows not, but suggests it might well be "Success." Fortunately we see him quite often nowadays because, away from business pursuits, our member enjoys nothing better than a good horse race and there is a modicum of that always on tap in and around Sydney! He also keeps a string of speedsters in training, and has raced on practically every course of importance in the State.

Murrumbidgee Turf Club engages quite a lot of attention, and very little of importance, in any sphere, happens on the Main Southern Line without the Taylor touch—and that's just the way his legion of friends would have it.

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Salute to H.M.S. "Jervis Bay"

(By Edward Samuel)

Ships, say the old sea captains, have personalities, and that is quite easy to believe. Old friends of the Jervis Bay felt when they learned of her gallant fight against the impossible, that they had always known the steady courage with which she faced her end. It was written somewhere in her unassuming lines, in her sturdy funnel and her broad and heavy build. It is moving to think of battle on her peaceful decks and the hurry of conflict in her quiet corridors.

Old scenes come back. We met her first in a Sydney dock, pouring white steam from her noisy siren against the red of sunset. All the harbour was alight with the dying day. Memory has other sharp pictures from the seas of half the world. Here are the low surf-lined heads of Port Phillip. It is dim twilight on a slaty sea. The coloured lights of the Pilot's boat are twinkling back to safety, and the engines throb as the slow hull gathers speed into the windy west.

There are wild days of lurching decks to follow across the Bight, and nights of chill moonlight with the masts like dark pointers making lines and dizzy circles in the stars. Colombo comes with busy eastern streets, and all the breezes which the hymn insists spice "Ceylon's isle." In the crowded shipping, Jervis Bay is a quiet, familiar presence, a refuge from the noise of a strange land.

The decks were tough grey wood; they were cool to the touch in the Red Sea, when cabins were ovens and the after-deck held the faint breath of a breeze. And what a place for sunrise! A red ball rolls out of a glassy sea behind Abu Ail, two wicked and misshapen peaks of rock, to set the day on fire.

And now Gibraltar, iron-grey over the dripping forecastle on a day of drizzle. Beyond were booming seas on stout black sides in a Biscay storm, and Plymouth in the

pale winter sun. Ashore with bags and boxes by the slim Great Western carriages, there was a sense of loneliness. Home was gone, and we were strangers again. New faces would fill our cabins, appropriate our favourite nooks and remembered chairs. It was not quite right.

And now it is all twisted metal, torn by shells. The cold, deep waters fill the old ship, and things of the ocean floor look without understanding on the body of a man's monster come to make its grave in the waving weeds.

But H.M.S. "Jervis Bay" is something more than rusting metal down among the wrecks. She has "suffered a sea change into something rich and strange." She has gone to join the Rawalpindi and the old Revenge, on the roll of honour of the sea.

The gallant story of Captain Fegen's last fight sent me back to Sir Walter Raleigh's story of Richard Grenville's exploit. His pages of strong Elizabethan English are headed "A Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Isles of Azores this last Sommer, 1591."

The brave tale is well enough known, but set some of Sir Walter's words beside last week's exploit.

"But Sir Richard utterly refused to turne from the enimie, alledging that he would rather choose to dye, than to dishonour himselfe, his cuntrye and her Majesties shippe." The old breed is not dead! Here again, "In the beginning of the fight the George Noble of London, having received some shot thorow her by the Armados, fell under the lee of the Revenge, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victulers and of small force: Sir Richard bidde him save himselfe, and leave him to his fortune." Raleigh continues:

"Some write that Sir Richard was verie dangerously hurt almost in the

beginning of the fight, and laie speechlesse for a time ere he recovered. But two of the Revenge's own companie brought home in a ship of line from the Ilandes, affirmed that he was never so wounded that he forsooke the upper decke, til an houre before midnight; and then being shot into the bodie with a musket was again shot in the head."

Words from such epic moments have a way of becoming immortal. It did not need Tennyson to put Grenville's grim command into history. "He commanded the maister Gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sinke the shippe. And he persuaded the companie, or as manie as he could induce, to yeelde themselves unto God and to the mercie of none els." It is interesting to set this Elizabethan dignity beside Tennyson's ballad style. "Better fall into the hands of God than into the hands of Spain" wears its metrical dress a trifle awkwardly.

From the story of the Rawalpindi one word only has come to catch our imagination. In the pale Iceland twilight Captain Kennedy was watching the sinister smudge on the horizon. "It's the Deutschland, all right," he remarked as he lowered his binoculars. Monosyllables, but for the ugly German name! Perhaps Nazis wonder why five simple words should stir us; if they knew why they would understand other things, too. They would know why there will always be an England, and why Napoleon dwelt on St. Helena.

No last word has come from the Jervis Bay's shattered bridge. But even if the survivors have no word of his to add to history, Captain Fegen has joined the heroes. His name will be remembered when the tale is told. And how the seamen kept their roadways open and saved the world will be a tale worth telling.

Mexican Street Scene

"What *do* we do to amuse ourselves?" I asked my husband — a question friends at home in England often ask in their letters. There are no libraries in Mexico, few movies, the radio does not work well in the high mountains, yet our days seem crammed to overflowing.

"Well," he replied thoughtfully, "we have one room that faces on the street."

No one in an English-speaking country regards the street as anything but a necessary evil for getting from one place to another, but in Mexico it is the theatre of the people, a continuous and entrancing panorama. The winding, dusty highways of the interior are the real arteries of the country, stretching from the Rio Grande to Guatemala; through cities and past small Indian huts, sweeping by the great haciendas and down the steep barrancas, up, up the towering mountain ranges where only pine trees live, down into sunlit valleys stuffed with orchids and crowned by lavender volcanoes.

Everyone walks along the highways; even the lordly policemen leave their glittering cars to thrill pedestrians. Tourists stroll in the street to learn the native customs. My cook walks in the street bearing a basket on her head. Her friends sit in the open doorways calling to other friends in other doorways. Babies scuffle in the dust. Dogs lie there comfortably with their paws crossed — you never see so many dogs cross their paws in any other country. Burros with great panniers of corn or calla lilies strapped to the hips must walk around them. The humble peon huts open directly on the road and we are all required by

law, rich and poor alike, to make the dust more bearable by sprinkling it early in the morning and late in the afternoon.

Here comes a bull charging down the road, goaded by enthusiastic onlookers, and a pig hurries squealing by, one leg tied by a rope.

"The man with the wild turkeys is here," announces my husband. "They have all rushed by mistake into the shoe shop. And here comes a flock of sheep. By the way, what became of the man with the live tortoise on his head? I wonder why he thought we wanted a live tortoise," he added. "It seems so impractical."

I was about to retort that it was as useful as the alligator the cook's cousin brought us for a pet, but a group of young men interrupted me, all with guitars, all handsome, all bowing to the foreign lady. They lean up against the wall and sing, and the naked babies struggle to their fat legs and dance, and little girls with long skirts and quaintly shawled heads join in the chorus and everybody smiles except the man with the bright blue bedstead strapped to his back who inadvertently bumps into the woman selling stone idols.

A man carrying a coffin sets it down under a flamboyant tree so that he can sing, too. A soldier on a brown horse comes down the road with a great jingling of silver spurs, and is not above buying a meal cooked over a brazier by an old woman under a banyan tree. For you can buy anything in the street, from roast cinnamon to Chihuahua puppies, from carved jade to live goats. You can buy a wedding dress, or a hat, or a suit of white pyjamas

embroidered with an eagle in green braid, or a silver teapot. You can have your picture taken sitting on a stuffed horse, and you can buy chairs with names painted on their backs so that they are not simply chairs but My Heart, Little Flower of My Eye, The Soul of Faith. Or they announce in bright red letters, I Was Made in Taxco, or I Come from Orizaba, so that when you take them to your house they are not just chairs but a real bit of the country.

We never tire of the street, because it is always different, and yet, like true art, it is always the same. Secure behind our high grilled windows we watch the entire pageantry of human progress, the glory of first love as a boy and girl trip by, their faces lit with the light that is identical in all countries, or a woman carrying her baby wrapped in a shawl across her back, or a funeral, just a plain wood coffin carried on the shoulders of two men and followed by a pitiful little group of barefooted mourners. An aged crone, who is probably only 45 but looks 100, tries to sell us lottery tickets; a parrot, splashed like a daub of emerald on a man's head, swears at us in fluent Aztec. A man with a tray slung in front of him holds up beaten silver necklaces, and a woman pours out raw opals in a glittering stream for us to see.

No, we are never bored in Mexico, for the very language recognises the street. The Spanish idiom for our own "He is not at home," is simply, *Esta en la calle*, "he is in the street." Where better could he be?

Condensed from "The Manchester Guardian."

Beatrice Washburn.

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HELIDON SPA
For Better Health

The Power of Golf

(John Macleod)

Dickson was in the middle of making out a very tricky estimate when the telephone rang. He looked at the thing murderously. This was the third time he had made a start and each time he had been interrupted. The first time it was a masculine-looking female who had requested him to assist in clothing the unfortunate heathen. Then his wife had called. She was going shopping, and did he have a spare pound—or two?

Page after page of his previous efforts filled the waste paper basket and he knew if he left it he'd have to start all over again. He ignored the telephone and bent his head over his work determinedly.

Buzz went the telephone again. He swore softly, and reaching over, took the receiver off the hook and left it lying on the desk. That would stop the confounded buzzing!

Once more he returned to his figures, but the party at the other end of the wire had apparently heard the receiver being taken off and had started speaking. He could hear the squeak of the voice. It annoyed him. He strove desperately to disregard it, but it was useless; the squeak was persistent and intruded on his concentration. He glared at it as though he would love to have shied it right out of the window, but the futility of this move occurred to him in time.

There was nothing left for it but to answer it, and with a regretful look at his wasted effort, he picked up the receiver.

"Hello!" he snapped.

"Hello!" came the voice. "That Dickson?"

"Dickson speaking! What can I do for you?"

"Jones here. How about a run out to the golf links?"

"Golf links? Absolutely impossible! I'm up to my eyes in work, and I'm on a job now that must be finished to-night."

"Take it home with you," advised Jones. "The Lord made this day for golf, not work. Harrington and Watson are coming, and you'll make the fourth."

"It's no use," replied Dickson. "Even if the Prime Minister was coming I've got to finish this estimate!"

He hung up the receiver and made a fresh start. There was a time and place for everything. Business had to come before golf. It was all right for Jones. He was a broker, and no one had any use for a broker these days. Harrington and Watson had pots of money; they could golf any time. But Dickson had to work for his living; no golf for him during business hours.

He glanced out of the window. The sun shone; there was just that delightful nip in the air that called for healthy exercise. No doubt, it was a wonderful day for golf. It would be lovely out on the links with the cool breeze and the fresh air blowing all one's cares away.

Bother! Why the devil had Jones rung up and suggested golf!

He pulled himself together with an effort. In any case, if Jones hadn't rung he would have finished the blessed estimate in half an hour and he would have been able to go golfing then. Now he had to begin all over again.

Where was he? Oh, yes—he was costing the colour. Blue was best, but not so cheap as green. *Green!* It would have to be green! Was there no escaping from this confounded golf? He could see them approaching the first green. He could picture them with their bags over their shoulders making for the second tee. The second hole was Jones' masterpiece; he always won it. Dickson was looking straight out through the window now, but instead of the city's rooftops he saw three men in plus fours. Jones had the honour. There it goes, straight for the pin! No doubt Jones knew that hole. Now Harrington's driving. One could always depend on having to hunt for Harrington's ball; he had a chronic slice. If only he would stand a little bit farther forward.

Blow it! This would never do. He'd never get through his work like this. Day dreaming; that's what he was doing. He couldn't allow golf to interfere with business. How on earth would the world progress if everyone went golfing every time the sun shone? There must be thousands of good days still to come.

Poor Dickson plunged once more into his figures, but every time he

(Continued on Page 16.)



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Billiards and Snooker

How Champions Are Doing Their Bit For The Empire

Looking back on the year just ended, one finds that billiards has been able to keep on an even keel despite troublous times and, contrary to expressed opinion in many quarters, it is likely to become more popular in 1941. Games on the green cloth require close attention. There is no time for business worries to enter the mind, and true relaxation results.

Most pleasing feature, from the billiard lovers' angle, is that the top-notchers have rendered yeoman service to the cause of the Empire by giving exhibitions for various war funds. In England, Joe Davis has raised £500 per medium of his "Penny Fund" alone, and the coins are still rolling in. Inman, Reece, Falkiner, Newman and all the other champions have been unsparing in their efforts, and many thousands of pounds have gone into charitable coffers as a result.

And, whilst the Englishmen have been hard at it, our own Walter Lindrum has been busy breaking all previous records and gathering coin of the realm for war purposes. To date, the champion has outstripped fellow sportsmen in all sections, by way of individual effort, and bids fair to end the war with the greatest personal collection in sport throughout the Empire. On December 31 his tally had reached five thousand pounds!

To raise such a sum, Lindrum has engaged in all manner of matches.

He challenged the ten best amateurs of Victoria and conceded them twenty thousand points start. The wizard won easily and created new figures with an aggregate of 36,352 points for a 14-days match, which was ninety-six in advance of



*Horace Lindrum, a nephew of
Walter Lindrum.*

his previous record made in London in 1930.

In the same match he broke the break record, under revised Rules, by compiling 2,466, which bettered the Joe Davis tally of 1,784. That match netted £400.

Next followed the match against ten leading jockeys, in which Lindrum conceded 18,000 points start, plus 1,000 break! He won 18,707 to 18,338, but at his last visit to the table had to compile a run of 1,834 to win—he made 2,201 unfinished. No wonder the public paid out freely for such exhibitions.

What has been written is not intended as glorification of Lindrum, but to show that manipulators of the three balls can still be reckoned a force in our midst.

The Lindrum cue, apart from the matches mentioned, has gained millions of cigarettes for our soldiers under the "Fag Fund" scheme sponsored by the Melbourne "Herald." This is, like a well-known identity, still going strong.

Billiards is one sport that can be played in all weathers, and the surroundings, in club games, leave nothing to be desired. We are about to witness its complete rejuvenation. That's a prognostication, of course, but it is made sincerely. Coming months will tell.

Joe Davis, world's snooker champion, in a letter which arrived on December 17, asked that his good wishes for Christmas be extended to his friends at Tattersall's Club, whom he hopes to meet again just as soon as a certain gentleman in Europe gets what is coming to him!

Joe stayed at our club during his Sydney visit, and quickly made friends with all with whom he came in contact.

Britannia Sweeps The Waves

Condensed from "The London Evening Standard"

(Donald Mallett)

"It's just like mowing the lawn," explains the lieutenant-commander of the leading mine-sweeper of the line, as the Kent Coast fades behind us in the half light of early dawn. Every morning, before anything else is stirring in harbour, he takes his little fleet to sea—three minesweepers and a small luxury yacht, now painted dull grey.

It is too cold to talk. We stand on the bridge, silent except for occasional orders to the helmsman in the wheel-house from the sub-lieutenant who is navigating us out to the minefield. Watching the sub. is a Reserve lieutenant who before the war was in the wholesale tobacco business; his hobby was yacht racing. Soon he will take over the sub's job. Aft, the first lieutenant explains the sweeping gear to a former Cunard officer who will take his place. Such are the men who, with thousands of fishermen, have given up their old jobs to take on the dangerous work of minesweeping.

Every man on board is wearing a life-jacket, and they make me put one on with the instruction: "You blow it up when you get in the water."

We go first through safe water, filled with heavily laden tramp steamers bringing food, with neutral steamers. Then we leave the safe water; ahead is the buoy that marks where we finished sweeping yesterday, put down by the yacht, whose job it is to mark the line of each sweep.

Now we must start work. "Out Port sweep" goes the order, and

300 yards of steel cable is paid out from winches over the stern. A float, shaped like a small airship and known to the crew as Horace, marks its end. An otter gear beneath Horace takes the cable down under the water and out to the port side, a "kite" keeps the other end down under our stern. The long cable trails under the sea behind us and outwards like a scythe blade to cut the mooring cable of any mines. The two minesweepers behind us take up staggered positions with their sweeps out, and so we go down the line marked by the buoys.

Keen-eyed look-outs are on the watch. Two things may happen: The sweep may cut the mooring cable of the mine, sending it up to the surface; then the look-out must spot it and destroy it by gunfire, either exploding it or riddling it with holes so that it sinks. Or the cable may set the mine off.

Bang! I look around just in time to see a column of water poised higher than our masthead. For a split second it hangs there and then down it falls, leaving a cloud of smoke and a patch of dirty black on the surface. We have set off a mine. There is great excitement on board. Has it blown off the sweep? No. There is Horace still ploughing the water astern. All is well.

Up and down over miles of sea we go. Sometimes a sweep cable parts. Then the minesweepers close in—not an inch can be left to chance—while the steel cable, which cuts the hand like a knife, is spliced.

Suddenly the look-out calls "Aircraft on the port bow, sir." Immed-

iately all glasses are trained on the sky. Friend or foe? Then I realise that the anti-aircraft guns have been manned the whole time, that on the bridge they have their steel helmets ready. But all is well. The aircraft is British.

Two destroyers go by. One signals the position of a floating mine, and one of the minesweepers is detached to go look for it. Off she goes with her look-outs peering over the sea for the dark round engine of death bobbing up and down in the waves. Soon there is another bang and the sea shoots up. The signal lamp winks across the waves: "Mine exploded, sir," comes the message.

Mile after mile, up and down. The wind seems to go straight through your clothes, however much you put on. You know your feet are there, because you can see them, but all feeling went long ago. A man goes up through the bridge carefully carrying a teacup—the daily rum ration for the look-out. They call it "Nelson's blood." Nelson would have been proud of the blood in these men's veins.

In the afternoon the dreaded thing happened. Suddenly Horace, the float, disappeared under the sea. There was still strain on the cable, so the gear had not parted. Had we caught a mine in our sweep? You can't stop. You have to go on. All eyes are on the sea astern. Suddenly up pops a mine, and then another. Dark grey and round, the size of a large school globe, they bob in the water. The ships following us hurriedly alter course to dodge them, leaving the little yacht to explode them.

(Continued on Page 16.)



A Toast to Golf

A fellow golfer says that the following toast on golf by David R. Forgan, of St. Andrews, was sent to him by his sister, who picked it up in Edinburgh. Some day, when you have a quarrel with your wife because you didn't finish your eighteen holes in time to get home to dinner, you may be able to silence her by telling her this:

It is a science — the study of a lifetime, in which you may exhaust yourself, but never your subject. It is a contest, a duel, or a melee, calling for courage, skill, strategy, and self-control. It is a test of temper, a trial of honour, a revealer of character. It affords a chance to play the man and act the gentleman. It means going into God's out-of-doors, getting close to Nature, fresh air, exercise, a sweeping away of the mental cobwebs, genuine recreations of the tired tissues. It is a cure for care; an antidote to worry. It includes companionship with friends, social intercourse, opportunities for courtesy, kindness, and generosity to an opponent. It promotes not only physical health, but moral force.

—*Golf in Australia.*

The Mother State

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The Royal Exchange, Bridge Street.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION

ALTHOUGH under consideration for some years earlier, it was not until 1856 that the first serious efforts were made to introduce the electric telegraph into New South Wales. In that year a Select Committee recommended "That immediate steps be taken, in concert with the Government of Victoria, to connect the cities of Sydney and Melbourne by electric telegraph. That a sum of £38,000 be placed on the Estimates for 1857 for that purpose." At the same time it was suggested that steps be taken for the extension of telegraphic communication to Bathurst. It was arranged that the Government should build the line so far as Liverpool and that a contract be given to a private firm for the extension of the line to Albury. The first lines were completed in December, 1857; one connecting Sydney with Liverpool and the other with South Head. Work on the extension to Albury had been much delayed, and the work was later given to another firm.

THE opening of the first two lines mentioned above coincided with the opening of the Exchange Building, at the corner of Pitt and Bridge streets, in which the first Telegraph Office was situated. This ceremony was performed by the Governor-General on December 30, 1857. In the "Sydney Morning Herald" of the following day there appeared a detailed report of the important event. The following brief extract is taken from this report: "His Excellency then rose and said they would repair to the room set apart for the telegraphic apparatus for the purpose of putting this lightning communication to the test by transmitting the first message along the wires. (Cheers.) They would send forth an appropriate message, for they would communicate to the people at a distance, and he only wished that they had the means of making the news they had to communicate more extensively known—that the Sydney Exchange had been this day opened for commercial purposes. He hoped that the return message would be from the South Head

intimating that the mail steamer was in sight. (Cheers.)

UNFORTUNATELY, however, although the line to South Head was completed, the instruments were not then fully adjusted, and no communication was possible. With Liverpool, too, the results were rather disappointing, but the trouble was slight, and might easily have been rectified had the operators been more experienced. In less than a month both lines were available to the public from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., Sundays excepted, at the following rates: Sydney to South Head, 1/ for ten words, and 1/ for each additional ten words; Sydney to Liverpool, 2/ for ten words, and 1/ for each additional ten; while on both lines the Press was charged 1d per word. From South Head to Liverpool 2/6 was charged for ten words, with the same charge as above for any additional words. Delivery within one mile was without extra charge.

IT was not until October 28, 1858, that the line was connected through to Albury, and on the following day telegraphic communication was established between Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide. Work on other lines within the State proceeded rapidly, and has continued, until to-day there is hardly a town which is not within the range of the telegraph. The Telegraphic Money Order system was introduced in July, 1860, and in 1867 the Postal and Telegraphic Departments were united.

IN 1872 the first cable communication with England was opened, and at first the charges were extremely high, a twenty-word message costing £8/10/, to which was added an extra charge of £1/5/ for the transmission of the message by landline from Sydney to Darwin. It is of interest to mention the fact that during recent years the telegraph service has become so popular in Australia that more telegrams are sent per head of population here than in any other country of the world.

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The Power of Golf

(Continued from Page 11.)

added it up he got a different result. Desperately he waded through column after column in the hope of finding the error, but it persistently eluded him. He wiped his perspiring forehead with a handkerchief and started all over again. Half way up the second column he found it. He had put down a four instead of a six.

Four! Good Lord! He glared at it savagely, and in place of the numeral 4 the letters *F-o-r-e* stared up at him.

It was no use; he couldn't do it. He threw down his pencil hopelessly. He'd never get that estimate out to-night. Dickson was in no mood for figures that day, although he knew as he put on his hat and coat that it had been his intention ever since Jones rang to abandon his books for his golf clubs. His conscience had to be satisfied, that was all. Heaven knows he had tried. Anyhow, who could settle down to work on a day like this? There must be thousands of days still to come when one could do nothing else but work. Jones had been right; the Lord made this day for golf.

When he reached the street he found that his car was jammed in and he had to hunt through three blocks of offices before he found the owners of the cars whose removal would enable him to get out. They weren't a bit pleased about it, either, and they came down with a very bad grace. Then, to make matters worse, one of them found he had left his keys back in the office and had to go up and get them.

Heavens! They'd be at the ninth before he got out! He was free at last, and to make up for lost time, he stepped on it. He had to go home and get his clubs and get changed. Half-way home he was overtaken by a motor cycle patrol.

"Now then, Major Seagrave!" said the officer; "let's have a look at your licence!"

It was the same man who had pulled him up last week.

"What is it this time?" went on the officer. "Did your mother-in-law peg out and you're hurrying home to bury her?"

In a moment of weakness last time Dickson had told him that his mother-in-law was seriously ill.

"No!" he snapped. "I'm going golfing!"

"Well, well! That's original, anyway. If you drive a golf ball like you drive a car you'll have the links to yourself!"

Thereafter Dickson proceeded at a more leisurely pace, deciding that it was cheaper to hurry slowly. When he reached home his wife was in the garden. He had hoped that she would be out shopping.

"Hello!" she greeted him. "You're home early."

"Yes," he answered. "There isn't much doing at the office, so I thought I'd have a run out to the links."

"Funny! In bad weather you're so busy at the office that you work late, but as soon as a good day comes you've got so little to do that you might just as well be golfing."

Dickson had been through all this before. He mumbled something about "business associates" and "got to think of the bread and butter," and hurried indoors to change.

Soon he was speeding in the direction of the links, being careful, however, not to fall foul of the speed cops.

To his astonishment he found Jones, Harrington and Watson sitting in front of the club house, their bags close handy to the first tee. They winked at each other as he came up.

"What's up?" asked Dickson. "I expected to find you almost round by now."

"We were waiting for you," replied Jones, calmly. "We knew you'd come. In fact, we were just 'estimating' when you would arrive!"

—*Golf in Australia.*

Britannia Sweeps the Waves

(Continued from Page 14.)

Still our float does not come up. The first lieutenant takes charge of winding in the gear. He tries all the tricks of jerking the cable. Nothing happens. Perhaps there is no mine. But if there is, it can't be seen till it comes right up under the stern. And then it may be too late.

Only a hundred yards more to come in. The winches are turning slowly. . . . Bang! Up she goes, 320 pounds, equal in explosive force to a torpedo or a depth charge or a 12-inch shell. The stern of our little ship is lifted like a feather. It was near, but the only casualty is the lieutenant-commander's teapot which was blown off the galley shelf. There is an acrid smell of explosives and when the smoke clears we see the float with the end ripped off going down for the last time. "Poor old Horace," says one of the crew. "No good picking him up."

The rest of the gear is wound in. The mine has shattered the otter, a great frame of steel as big as a large door. More than half has been blown away, and what is left is twisted like a piece of tinfoil. More splicing. More work. Another sweep is rigged up and we start again.

At dusk we turn for harbour and the faithful little yacht puts down the buoys to show that a bit more of the lawn has been cut. Six mines have been exploded, and the sea is safer for the big ships.

"You know," says the lieutenant, "if that mine in our sweep had not gone off then I should have been swimming. But you would have been able to take your end of the ship to harbour, sir." As I left, the lieutenant-commander was saying that the sub. must buy him a new teapot — a metal one this time.

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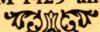
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